

# LAYS OF LIBERTY;

OR,

## VERSES FOR THE TIMES.

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Do you see any signs that we are becoming indifferent to Freedom? On the contrary, that old, traditional, hereditary sentiment of the North is more profound and more universal now than it ever was before.—HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Speech in the U. S. Senate, Feb. 17, 1854.*

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## P R E F A C E.

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It will be perceived that while some of these articles are written for the times, others are but adapted to them. Some persons may here recognize verses with which they are already familiar ; wandering melodies which their approbation has helped to keep alive.

Those extraordinary personages, Uncle Tom and Eva, the reader will again meet on these pages ; nor can individuals of their undoubted claims to notice ever be unwelcome. Their celebrity furnishes an illustration of the idea of the great modern essayist, that "the highest miracle of genius" is that "the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another."

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# LAYS OF LIBERTY.

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## THE INDIANS OF NEBRASKA.

IF we must use the tyrant's plea of necessity, and invade the "permanent home" of these children of sorrow and oppression, I hope we shall treat them with more than justice, with more than equity, with the utmost kindness and tenderness.—*Speech of Hon. Edward Everett in the United States Senate, Feb. 8th, 1854.*

EVEN as the hues of an autumn day,  
Have the sons of the mighty faded away ;  
From their ancient homes have the wanderers fled,—  
Their children are scattered, their warriors are dead ;  
The smiling sky is above us still,  
But we see them no more by vale or hill.

Where once in his pride the Indian stood,  
The unfettered chieftain of stream and wood,  
Where the trees that sheltered his fathers grew,  
Where he launched on the wave his birch canoe,  
Are tower and temple, and swelling dome,  
And giant ships through the waters foam.

Feeble and fainting and sore beset,  
Are the remnants of nations lingering yet,  
The tales of the olden time they tell,  
As afar in the forest-land they dwell,—  
But the day of their glory long since is past,  
For the spell of the white man is round them cast.

Spread out thy broad banner, O realm of the free,  
Wherever the sons of the red man may be!  
Let it float o'er the helpless, to bless, to protect,  
The outcast to cherish, his rights to respect,—  
And e'en as the Infinite Father above,  
The councils of justice encompass with love.

The voice of the Lord!—His almighty behest,  
Is revealing unto thee, O land of the blest!  
Where the sunlight of Freedom is shining abroad,  
Where in showers are falling the gifts of thy God,—  
Thy work is before thee—to succor, to save,  
The feeble are with thee, the red man—THE SLAVE!

## THE UNCEASING CONTEST.

THE Slavery agitation you deprecate so much is an eternal struggle between Conservatism and Progress, between Truth and Error, between Right and Wrong. You may sooner, by act of Congress, compel the sea to suppress its upheavings, and the round earth to extinguish its internal fires, than oblige the human mind to cease its inquiries, and the human heart to desist from its throbbings.—*Speech of Hon. William H. Seward in the United States Senate, Feb. 17th, 1854.*

O, SEEK not the soul of man to imprison,  
'Tis a project false and vain ;  
Full oft from a tyrant's grasp it has risen,  
Its Freedom and Right to sustain.

It cannot be bound for it came from Heaven,  
'Tis the very breath of God ;  
And a terrible strength from his hand is given,  
To cast off the oppressor's load.

Right nobly the fetters and bond it spurneth,  
It's pinion is swift and strong,  
Up to the source of all right it returneth,  
There seeketh its shelter from wrong.



Long may slumber in silence a fire that's hidden,  
From the winds of Heaven away ;  
But the tempest blast shall awake unbidden,  
And who shall that burning stay ?

O when shall they who so wrong their brother,  
And his deep, deep woes forget,  
Believe that the fires they essay to smother,  
Shall burst and consume them yet !

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## THE HARMLESSNESS OF SLAVERY.

Is some Southern gentleman wishes to take the nurse that takes charge of his little baby, or the old woman that nursed him in childhood, and whom he called "mammy" until he returned from college, and perhaps afterwards, too, and whom he wishes to take with him in her old age, when he is moving into one of these new territories for the betterment of the fortunes of the whole family, why, in the name of God, shall any one prevent it ?—*Speech of Hon. Mr. Badger, in the Senate, Feb. 16, 1854.*

With gorgeous tints of green and gold,  
The reptile in the sun behold !  
With fairy step the child draws near,  
It heeds no ill, it feels no fear,

But claps its hands with gleeful shout,  
To see the creature glide about,  
Now hidden in the herbage green,  
Now basking in the noontide sheen.

The serpent is a child a yet,  
But who his venom will forget ?  
Who but an infant pause to gaze,  
With smile upon the burnished rays,  
That richly in the sunlight glow,  
And let the embryo monster go,  
Till older grown the beauteous creature  
Shall show at last his serpent nature,—  
That laughter-loving child to bind,  
His scaly folds shall slowly wind,—  
While quivering nerve and bursting vein,  
Madly against the monster strain.  
And on the breeze a doleful shriek,  
The dire death agony shall speak !

O call it not a harmless thing,  
With deadly fang and dragon wing,  
To pierce the nation's inmost life,  
To darken all the land with strife ;  
Ruthless to tread God's image down,  
And draw from Heaven his righteous frown.

*“ Great men ” they “ are not always wise,”*  
So says the message from the skies !

## INDIAN PORTRAITS.\*

WE see not here the chieftain as of old,—  
The white man's hand hath touched him. See this  
brow

Contract with anguish stern and deep, to view  
The stranger's glory, and the Indian lord,  
Gazed on with curious eyes by wondering crowds.  
Another still ! and think you not there dwells,  
Beneath that look severe a grief-worn heart ?  
The conqueror's iron foot is on their necks,  
The white man sways the sceptre !

Who shall stay  
The course of empire ? Ye who have the power  
To bind the red man fast, say, will ye wed  
His soul to good or evil ? Will ye bid  
The light that shines so gloriously abroad,  
Shine on the Indian's home ? Will ye speak words  
Of pure, immortal life, his soul to win ?  
Or will ye proffer with unholy hand,  
And mercenary heart, tempting his touch,  
The white man's poison cup ?

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\* Mr. Catlin's collection.

Within thy bounds,  
That stretch so broad from east to western main,  
Home of the brave and free ! are many forms  
Of stranger features and of shadowy hue,  
Dwellers among thy people yet diverse ;  
Whether they rove unblessed mid the far realms  
Of mountain, stream and prairie,—or crouch  
In some New England hamlet, lone,—abject,—  
Or wind their way among some city's throng,  
In beggar's garb,—unlike indeed to those,  
Who held of old their undisputed sway,  
Lords of a goodly realm !

How art thou crowned,  
O land beloved of God, with priceless gifts,—  
Freedom and knowledge. He has placed thy seat  
High mid the lordly nations of the earth,  
Clothed thy pale sons with power and bade them rule.  
But think'st thou not that he remembers still  
The weak—the fallen ? Or will God, as man,  
Regard the mighty only ? Or can strength,  
In his pure sight for deeds unjust atone ?

When in calm majesty wilt thou arise,  
Fair native land ! with high and firm resolve,  
To spread thy sheltering wing o'er all thy sons,  
And gain by deeds of justice and good faith,  
New lustre for thy dimmed and sullied name !

O! WHEN SHALL SLAVERY'S  
CURSE REMOVE.

O WHEN shall Slavery's curse remove,  
And Freedom's songs be sung,  
And the broad banner that we love  
Be o'er the captive thrown?

When shall the poor slave-mother fold  
Her infant to her breast?  
Nor white men for the love of gold,  
Its slumbers dare molest?

Rend, rend the chains that cling so fast,  
To Afric's exiled sons;  
O realm beloved, in mercy haste,  
To save the ruined ones!

Then, native land, thy light shall be  
As evening's silver star;  
And millions shall thy glory see,  
And hail thee from afar!

## "FALLEN AMONG THIEVES."

WHERE e'er the strong man tramples on the weak,  
Forgetful that *he* also is a man,  
There is the semblance of that traveler lone,  
Who amid rugged, forest paths of old,  
Encountered thieves. The eye that sees the heart,  
That searches the dim secrets of the soul,  
Knows well the dire resemblance. Cover up  
With splendors as ye may, the deed unjust,  
When the dread scroll shall be unrolled at last,  
Of human thought and passion, word and deed,  
Then shall the truth shine out as clear and strong,  
As though engraved with sunbeams on the sky!

And he, who sees the bleeding victim lie,  
Lone and forsaken, and unmoved goes on,  
As though he saw him not, till slowly fades  
The sad idea of that poor suffering one,  
Is but a sharer in the spoiler's guilt.  
For through all time the Levite and the Priest,  
By light divine made visible, stand forth  
Unenvied, in their own attire arrayed,  
Of selfishness—neglect of other's grief.

Who e'er thou art, this picture thou hast scanned,  
I ween full oft. Thou knowest well the tale.  
One more thou seest—that traveler benign,  
Who cheered and raised the fallen—so well approved  
By God and man upon the sacred page,  
His neighbor who had fallen among thieves!

For ages hath a ruthless war been waged,  
By many nations with that suffering race,  
Known by the dusky brow and lot forlorn.—  
The world hath done the work.

What realm shall raise  
Her hands inviolate, and say, “In this  
I have nor part nor lot.”

It were a deed  
Unmatched on earth in high sublimity,  
To see a nation rise—a giant power,  
Her myriad hearts all beating as but one,  
Her myriad voices as the rushing sound  
Of many waters; with determined will,  
And holy purpose to redeem the fallen,  
And he who lies the lowest to rescue first!

Each helping all, with priceless treasures cast  
Upon God's altar, to redeem the lost,  
To write upon that brow so long debased,  
With degradation of a slave's sad lot,  
Freedom and manhood.

Who of us shall say,  
But in the piercing vision of our God,  
What time he spake in symbol beautiful,  
To Jewish listeners, there rose not calm,  
And brightly mirrored in his soul serene,  
As the consummate meaning of his words,  
This wide resplendent scene.

Wilt thou not speed  
O ! Saviour of our race, just such a day !

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## RETROGRESSION.

THE system of Slavery is a simple retrogression of society to the worst abuses of the middle ages.—*Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, p. 203.

AND must the world go back ? must that old day  
Of sword and conquest, cruelty and blood,  
Return in crimson floods o'er the fair earth ?  
Must Freedom's day-star set to rise no more ?  
Must science cease our daily path to guide—  
Religion too—the brand, the stake, the thong,  
Must they become again familiar things ?  
Alas, they are already ! This broad realm,  
Where erst our fathers sought for Freedom's shrine,  
Is stained with martyr's blood. A lonely one



He might be—humble, unrenowned,  
And sacrificed to death by private hands,  
Yet dying for the truth, the martyr's crown  
Is his forever.

Others there have been,  
That by the out-bursting storms of wicked-wrath,  
Waking a crowd to phrenzy have been slain.  
We fear for thee—O favored land and dear !  
*For mad upon their idols* are thy sons,  
And set to drive the car of progress back,  
And make the shade on the world's dial-plate,  
Retrace her blackened way a thousand years !

O Thou, who freely gavest thine own life,  
The outcast soul to win,  
With agony and tears and bloody strife,  
From the fell grasp of sin ;  
Despised by men, yet not unloved by thee,  
The stricken to thee pray ;  
Bleeds not thy heart of love these woes to see ?  
Speed thou a brighter day !

## THE INQUIRER.

A MISSIONARY among the Karens, in Asia, writes back that his course is much embarrassed by a suspicion that is afloat among the Karens, that the Americans intend to steal and sell them. He says:

"I dread the time when these Karens will be able to read our books, and get a full knowledge of all that is going on in our country. Many of them are very inquisitive now, and often ask me questions that I find it very difficult to answer."—*Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, p. 251.

SUNRISE upon the hill-tops of Tavoy !  
A flood of breathing light is on the trees—  
The plaintain's long, green leaves wave in the glow  
Of morn's first beam, and her rich dropping flowers,  
Of purple hue, give back the regal ray.

See yon meek gatherers to the place of prayer !  
The dusky savage kneels,—from sin redeemed  
By faith in Jesus, joying in the hope,  
That as an anchor holds the tempest tost,  
In calmness resting on eternal love.  
The prayer is done, and breathed the deep "AMEN,"  
By all repeated, yet with tone subdued.  
Then blended voices tune the sacred hymn,  
A solemn melody mid mountain shrines.

A sight divine it was, sweet to behold,  
The savage sitting at the feet of Christ,—  
The man of blood transformed, with reverence  
To serve his Maker. Now the Teacher's voice,  
In fervent words the love of Heaven unfolds,  
And cries to every soul that's thirsting, "come!"

An aged man of heathen name,  
Who from the tangled jungle came,  
Gazes with strong and piercing eye,  
And to the preacher makes reply :

"Stranger, when first I heard the word  
You speak to-day, the heart was stirred,  
For though I now with years am old,  
In youth I heard these tidings told.

"My heart was rent, my tears had way,  
At these same words you speak to-day ;  
Ah yes ! 'twas long ago I deem,  
Beside a lonely, plashing stream,

"I heard of One, my sins that bore,  
And all my griefs took long before :  
And though my spirit light was dim,  
Fain would I yield my heart to him !

"But one there came—a wandering man,  
That seemed to know nor kith nor clan ;  
He whispered in my ear, '*beware,*  
*Of the pale faces, have a care !*

“ ‘ There are that steal their fellow men,  
And sell them straight for slaves again,  
Your mountain home is all your own,  
No fetter o’er your path is thrown.’ ”

“ I fled, for freedom was so sweet,  
To part with it I thought not meet ;  
Better to dwell in forests wild,  
Than into bondage be beguiled.

“ Again, I hear ; O teacher, say,  
In your own land so far away,  
Are helpless captives bought and sold,  
For love of power or lust of gold ?

“ Can he, who Christ from sin has saved,  
By brother Christians be enslaved,  
God’s own blue, bending sky above,  
And in their hands his word of love ? ”

The old man fixed his darkly glittering eye,  
On the calm features of the man of God ;  
And when he saw a shade steal o’er that brow,  
A troubled glance from that mild, thoughtful eye,  
He rose, and to his far-off forest home,  
In that clear morning light pursued his way.

## THE SLAVE'S OFFERING.

**A PLEASING INCIDENT.**—The Raleigh (N. C.) Recorder relates the following incident, showing the general sympathy throughout the country, even among the oppressed, for the famishing Irish :

“Early in March last, (1847) I met with a Georgia planter in Charleston, who informed me that he had forwarded to that city ninety odd pounds of bacon, as a spontaneous offering from the negroes of his plantation to the perishing Irish. He had read to his family a pitiable account of the sufferings of that devoted people from famine, which was heard by one of his house servants, who communicated it to the mass. On the eve of his departure from home, he proceeded to give the usual allowance of bacon to his negroes, when one of the head men presented himself and said to his master, that having heard of the condition of the poor Irish, he was instructed by his comrades to say that they had all concluded to give, each one half a pound of his allowance, to Ireland. The amount mentioned constituted the aggregate of their donation, which was immediately forwarded.”

WE have heard the mournful tale,  
Widely echoes Famine's wail,  
Borne on every breeze that blows,  
Comes the note of distant woes ;  
We our humble offering bring,  
We would cheer the famishing,

---

Bear our tribute o'er the wave,  
*Take the offering of the Slave!*

Bondage is a bitter fate,  
Sad are we and desolate,  
Bowed beneath another's will,  
Yet our hearts are human still,—  
Other's griefs to us made known,  
In their woes we lose our own;—  
Win the starving from the grave,  
*Take the offering of the Slave!*

In a pleasant land we dwell,  
Old and young of Freedom tell,  
Banners float in fair array,  
Gracing many a festive day,  
Yet it ne'er on us has dawned,  
Long in bondage we have mourned,  
Crushed are we, yet this we crave,—  
*Take the offering of the Slave!*

We have heard of heavenly love,  
Gift descending from above,  
E'en to us a little ray  
Cometh from the Star of day,  
In our hearts it burneth deep,  
Tears of love and joy we weep,  
For His sake who died to save,  
*Take the offering of the Slave!*

Gales of love are sweeping past,  
Yet our chains are on us fast,  
Shall that influence pure and kind,  
Every bond but ours unbind ?  
Words of love we would not mock,  
When will they our chains unlock ?  
Bear our gift beyond the wave,  
*Take the offering of the Slave !*

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### THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

THERE was a pause, and the stillness of death pervaded the house, when a lone woman, bent and bowed in the summer of her life—a childless widow—tottered down the aisle from her lowly seat by the door, and knelt to receive the holy emblems. She was evidently the only slave member of the church present, and it was a melting sight to see her all alone at the Saviour's table ; but it was a thrilling thought that she was, perhaps, more dear to him, than all that had preceded her.—*Cousin Franck's Household*, p. 223.

O WEARY slave, this is no hour of weeping,  
Thy Saviour meets thee here ;  
Thine all entrusted to his keeping,  
Hence be thy doubt—thy fear.

Thy heartfelt vow is witnessing in Heaven,  
Thy worship welcome there ;  
And he from whom our pledge of grace is given,  
Calls thee that grace to share.

Amid thy pining wo there's One that heedeth,  
He marks thy sojourn brief ;  
Thy soul 'mid pastures green and fair he leadeth ;  
To calm thine inward grief.

Lone captive, with the spirit worn to breaking,  
Receive thy Saviour King ;—  
Where spreads thy lowly roof-tree is he seeking,  
Homeward his own to bring.

He calls—the Almighty and the Ever-living,—  
“ Come home, thou tempest tost ! ”  
From his o'erflowing fullness freely giving,  
More love than thou hast lost.

For thee spring up these founts of healing waters,  
O thou who need'st must mourn ;  
Sad, childless mother, never sons or daughters,  
Such love for thee have borne !



## EVA'S PARTING.\*

"PROMISE me, dear father," said Eva, "that Tom shall have his freedom as soon as"—she stopped, and said in a hesitating tone—"I am gone!"

"Yes, dear, I will do any thing in the world, any thing that you could ask me to."

"Dear papa," said the child, laying her burning cheek against his, "how I wish we could go together!"

"Where, dearest?" said St. Clare.

"To our Saviour's home; it's so sweet and peaceful there—it's all so loving there!" The child spoke unconsciously, as of a place where she had often been.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II, p. 88.

I MUST leave you now, dear father,  
I seek a fairer shore ;  
O, might we go together,  
Then we should part no more !  
Nay, never weep for Eva,  
The blessed calls me home,  
Not long shall we be severed,  
For I know that you will come.

---

\* Published with music by George P. Reed, inserted here by his permission.

And, father, when I'm sleeping,  
In my quiet grave so green,  
And my soul the Lord is keeping,  
In the world of bliss unseen,—  
You will give the boon of Freedom  
To the old and faithful friend,  
Who has borne me on his bosom,  
Where the white magnolias bend.

O send him to his children,  
For I know he loves them well ;  
So far from me, dear father,  
I am sure you could not dwell !  
His wife for him is waiting,  
And tearful is her gaze,  
Where rolls the blue Ohio,  
She counts the weary days.

And now farewell, dear father,  
Sweet is your love to me,  
But the angels for me beckon,  
I haste with them to be ;  
I hear the Saviour calling,  
His smile has made me blest,  
I see the gates of glory,  
Your Eva soars to rest !

## THE DEAD EVA.

TORSY came forward and laid her offering [a small, half-blown tea rose-bud] at the feet of the corpse; then suddenly, with a wild and bitter cry, she threw herself on the floor alongside the bed, and wept and moaned aloud.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II, p. 116.

As the light that is shed by the hues of even,  
On a tangled forest wild,  
So had the slave a glimpse of Heaven,  
In the love of her master's child.

It had passed as a vision, that gentle star,  
That rose o'er the outcast lone;  
It was hid in the depths of light afar,  
The home of the sainted one!

Soft as the closing of summer flowers  
Was the rest of the holy dead,  
But the slave-child mourned through the darkened  
hours,  
For the angel that had fled.

But the tears she wept on that sacred spot,  
Were the seeds of virtue sown,  
The dead! the dead! though they answer not,  
Have a power that's all their own.

## DEATH OF ST. CLARE.\*

ST. CLARE lay with his eyes shut, but it was evident that he wrestled with bitter thoughts. After a while he laid his hand on Tom's, who was kneeling beside him, and said, "Tom ! poor fellow !"

"What, mas'r," said Tom, earnestly.

"I am dying," said St. Clare, pressing his hand ; "pray!"

"If you would like a clergyman"—said the physician.

St. Clare hastily shook his head, and said again to Tom, more earnestly, "Pray !"

And Tom did pray with all his mind and strength, for the soul that was passing,—the soul that seemed looking so steadily and mournfully from those large, melancholy blue eyes. It was literally prayer offered with strong crying and tears.

When Tom ceased to speak, St. Clare reached out and took his hand, looking earnestly at him, but saying nothing. He closed his eyes, but still retained his hold, for in the gates of eternity, the black hand and the white hold each other with an equal clasp.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II, p. 142-3.

Wo ! wo was stamped on the bondman's brow,  
But not for himself he wept ;  
His master lay on the death-couch low,  
And its shadows had o'er him swept.

---

\* Published with music by O. Ditson, inserted here with his permission.

Life's full, warm tide, it was ebbing fast,  
And the lord he had loved so well,  
Was passing away—but that look he cast,—  
Its meaning, O who shall tell !

Mournful in death's dark hour he turned,  
To the far-off spirit land ;  
But dimly the light within him burned,  
Where, where is the guiding hand ?  
He gazed once more on the slave's dark face,  
The soul to its depths was stirred,  
And what shall win for the dying grace,  
But of prayer the hallowed word ?

And that meek bondman is bending low,  
And forth from his heart of love,  
Such thoughts of prayer for the dying flow,  
As are sent from the Lord above.  
Nearer and near that lowly one,  
To God the petition brings,  
And his words ascend to the great white throne,  
On the Holy Spirit's wings.

And the soul of his master to him is given,  
And sweet peace is shed abroad,  
In both as the earnest and pledge of Heaven,  
The gift of a present God !  
And the pale, pale hand of the dead is twined,  
With the hand of the dark-browed slave,  
As low on the death-couch his lord reclined,—  
There was granted a power to save !

## HOPELESS BONDAGE.

"Do you know, Tom, that we've all got to be sold?" said Adolph.

"How did you hear that?" said Tom.

"I hid myself behind the curtains, when Misses was talking with the lawyer. In a few days we shall all be sent off to auction, Tom."

"The Lord's will be done!" said Tom, folding his arms and sighing heavily.

"We'll never get another such a master," said Adolph, apprehensively, "but I'd rather be sold than take my chance under Missis."

Tom turned away; his heart was full. The hope of liberty, the thought of distant wife and children rose up before his patient soul, as to the mariner shipwrecked almost in port, rises the vision of the church-spire and loving roofs of his native village, seen over the top of some black wave only for one last farewell. He drew his arms tightly over his bosom, and choked back the bitter tears, and tried to pray. The poor old soul had such a singular, unaccountable prejudice in favor of liberty, that it was hard to wrench from him, and the more he said, "Thy will be done," the worse he felt.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II, p. 150.

He thought to see his early home once more,  
That meek and trusting one;  
His children playing by the cabin door,  
With joyful shout and tone.

No more a slave but as another, free,  
Alike to go and come,—  
His bondage past,—a MAN he thought to be,  
When he should seek his home.

How rose that vision to his yearning sight !  
Hope o'er his spirit breathed ;  
A glory as the tints of morning light,  
That cottage home entwreathed.

It passed ; his hopes all faded one by one,  
And grief was his instead ;  
Inly he strove to say, "Thy will be done !"  
But still the heart would bleed.

For serpent folds seemed winding round his soul  
In that most fearful day,  
The future only misery may unroll,  
What can he do but pray ?

But e'en the mercy-seat he scarce can find ;  
The golden cherubs cast  
A dim and doubtful light—he groped as blind,  
Such blight on all was cast !

## THE PURCHASE.

"AN'T I your master? Didn't I pay down twelve hundred dollars, cash?—An't yer mine, now, body and soul?" Legree said this, giving Tom a violent kick with his heavy boot; "tell me!"

In the very depth of physical suffering, bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and looking earnestly to Heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed,

"No! no! no! my soul an't yours, mas'r! You havn't bought it—ye can't buy it! It's been bought and paid for, by one that's able to keep it."—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II, p. 197.

No, mas'r, my soul you can never buy,

It was paid for long ago;

The Lord of my life has gone up on high,

And soon I shall reach there too.

The soul's full freedom my Lord hath bought,

He hath laid it up above,

A victory his right hand hath wrought,

For all who abide in his love.



My soul he hath won from the powers beneath,  
He hath broken the chains of sin,  
My freedom will come with the angel of death,  
When I to *His* joy enter in.  
The bright hour is coming—it speeds apace,  
When my Lord his servant shall call,  
My eye shall behold him, and face to face,  
Shall know he is All in All.

Then mas'r, my soul in a moment is free,  
As the birds that rejoice in the spring,  
For ever with angels in Heaven to be,  
With spirits all spotless to sing.  
Forgotten my fetters, my grief and my thrall,  
And freed from the brand of the slave,  
I dwell in His presence, my glory, my All,  
Who has given his life to save !

## THE CONSOLER.

"Now mind yourself," said Legree, with a stamp, and a fierce glance of his grey eye, directed at Tom, "*I'm your church now! You understand,—you've got to be as I say.*"

Something within the silent black man answered *no!* and as if repeated by an invisible voice, came the words of an old prophetic scroll, as Eva had often read them to him,—  
"Fear not! I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by my name. Thou art MINE!"—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II. p. 170.

THERE is an inward voice that softly speaks,  
The soul that will may hear;  
Oft times upon the din of life it breaks,  
The listening one to cheer.

That voice is His, who by the eternal throne,  
Sits clothed in perfect love;  
The Brother of our race—the Anointed One,  
Who doth our sins remove.

He seeks the dwelling of the lowly slave,  
By all beside forgot ;  
He comes the bound and fettered soul to save,  
Whispering, "*mine own—fear not !*"

"I have redeemed thee—chosen and sealed thou art,  
Though crushed, enslaved, oppressed,  
Thy name is written on my inmost heart,  
Soon shalt thou find thy rest."

Thou bond-slave lone ! how dark so e'er thy lot,  
There's One that feels thy thrall ;  
Thou canst not by the All-pitying be forgot,  
He hears thy faintest call.

“O not in vain thy Lord hath loved and died,  
To win the lost from sin ;  
The day shall come, when He, the Crucified,  
Shall break the world's last chain !

## REMEMBRANCE.

WHAT was the matter with Legree? What was there in a simple curl of fair hair to appal that brutal man, familiar with every form of cruelty?—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II, p. 217.

BEFORE that hardened man there rose  
The thoughts of distant years ;  
The soft, low prayer at daylight's close,  
Kisses, and smiles, and tears ;  
And all that life of love so deep,  
That mothers o'er their children keep.

There is no power the soul to scathe,  
Like love that has been spurned ;  
Who woundeth her that bore him hath  
That good to evil turned.  
The darkened soul to phrenzy woke,  
Such might was in that auburn lock.

To wound that soft protecting wing,  
That warmed our childhood's nest,  
Is a most dark, forbidden thing,  
Who doth it most unblest.  
As he the past was forced to scan,  
Such wo was his,—that evil man !

There is a deeper love than all,  
That human hearts can give ;  
That wins the soul from bitterest thrall,  
And bids the rescued live ;  
And wo that demon spirits prove,  
Is spurned and trampled heavenly love !

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### UNCLE TOM'S GRAVE.

Beyond the boundaries of the plantation, George had noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees ; there they made the grave.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II, p. 283.

WAVES the pine-tree o'er the grave,  
Of the faithful, martyred slave,  
But he dwells his Lord beside,  
Saved, and blest, and glorified.

Stately monument may tell,  
Where of kings the ashes dwell ;  
But for thee there needs no sign,  
Marble shaft or breathing line.

Well *He* knows thy resting place,  
Who to thee revealed his grace,  
Christ shall raise thy sleeping dust,  
He will own thee with the just.

Heir of grief and child of thrall,  
Shortly thou shalt hear his call,  
Robes of glory wait for thee,  
Sweet thy heavenly rest shall be.

Grieve not o'er the martyr's bed,  
Not for him should tears be shed ;  
Weep for those who wear the chain,  
But for him thy tears are vain !

---

ELIZA'S FLIGHT.\*

"God helping me, I crossed the river on the ice ; for they were behind me—right behind—and there was no other way."—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. I, p. 126.

THE ice is floating in the stream,  
The wintry day is wild,  
Hope lights with her undying gleam,  
The mother and her child.

She clasps him closely to her heart,  
Her only one—her joy ;  
For nought but death the two shall part,  
The mother and her boy.

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She sees the cold and rushing tide,  
Her feet are bleeding—bare,  
She lingers not, nor turns aside,  
Yet breathes one heartfelt prayer.

She presses on—she presses on—  
Nor heeds the icy flood ;  
Thus only may her rest be won,  
So help her mighty God !

The mother gains the further shore,  
Her babe is on her breast ;  
The race is past—the peril o'er,  
One moment is she blest !

## THE NOBLE-HEARTED CHILD.

"WELL, I grew up,—long years and years,—no father, no mother, no sister, not a living soul that cared for me more than a dog; nothing but whipping, scolding, starving. Why, sir, I've been so hungry that I've been glad to take the bones they threw to their dogs; and yet when I was a little fellow, and laid awake whole nights and cried, it wasn't the hunger, it wasn't the whipping, I cried for. No, sir; it was for *my mother and my sisters*—it was because I hadn't a friend to love me on earth."—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. I, p. 166.

It was not for the hunger,  
It was not for the blows,  
That when all around were sleeping,  
I woke to weep my woes.  
I grieved for my poor mother,  
In slavery sold away,  
For I missed the gentle presence  
That had blessed me night and day.

Her smile on first awaking,  
In the morning hour so calm,  
Her gentle prayer at even,  
When fell her words like balm ;



The constant overflowing  
Of looks and tones of love,  
O how could I but sorrow,  
To see that love remove !

And that same lovely playmate—  
My sister true and fond,  
Condemned to distant bondage,  
For her, for her I mourned.  
I thought how dear she held me,  
And my tears fell fast and free,  
O sweet, beloved sister,  
At night I wept for thee !

Black shadows always falling,  
Bedimmed my childhood's day,  
My soul for love was yearning,  
Love that was sold away.  
No, it was not for the hunger,  
It was not for the blow,  
My mother, and my sister,  
Your absence made my wo !

## FIRST DAY OF FREEDOM.

GEORGE and his wife stood arm in arm as the boat neared the small town of Amherstberg, in Canada. His breath grew thick and short; a mist gathered before his eyes; he silently pressed the hand that lay trembling upon his arm. The bell rang, the boat stopped. Scarcely seeing what he did, he looked out his baggage, and gathered his little party. The company were landed on the shore. They stood still till the boat had cleared, and then with tears and embraces, the husband and wife, with their wondering child in their arms, knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II, p. 238.

First day of Freedom ! hail to the light,  
Rosily dawning on slavery's night,  
When the blackness has passed, and the storm rolls  
away,  
And a glory is bending o'er life's onward way.

The waters are chainless, the winds are free,  
And akin with them how I joy to be ;  
The wild flowers are blooming, the green woods wave,  
And how shall a man be a fettered slave ?

I have won from the white man this boon—to be free,  
Sweet girl of the dark, wavy ringlets, for thee ;  
Save the Death-angel's stroke, nought shall rend from  
my side,

What God hath bestowed, my Eliza, my bride !

My boy, with the black eye that glances so clear,  
And the young, glad spirit, that feels no fear,  
With a joy like thine own my heart grows wild,  
As I call thee mine, O my child ! my child !

Cradled in bondage, yet free to-day,  
Save the hand that gave, who shall take thee away ?  
O never before till this blessed hour,  
Wert thou mine secure from another's power.

I will toil, I will toil,—I am young and strong,  
But will never again to a master belong ;  
One Lord I will serve—the great Father above,  
This first day of Freedom I owe to his love !

## THE FAMILY REUNITED.

THEY knelt together, and the good man prayed—for there are some feelings so agitated and tumultuous, that they can find rest only by being poured into the bosom of Almighty love,—and then rising up, the new-found family embraced each other, with a holy trust in Him, who from such peril and dangers, and by such unknown ways, had brought them together.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II, p. 297.

## 1

How softly broke of prayer the hallowed word,  
On that eventful day ;  
The rushing tides that in those bosoms stirred,  
What tongue, what pen shall say ?

## 2

Only to God might be the soul expressed,  
Ready to burst with joy ;  
His glance serene alone makes truly blest,  
Without the world's alloy.

## 3

On the calm bosom of eternal love,  
The o'er-wearied soul must rest,—  
There gently, as of old, the spirit-dove,  
The heart with joy oppressed,

## 4

From bondage and from peril won at length,  
A new existence given,  
Must find alone its succor and its strength,  
A sweet foretaste of Heaven.

## 5

They rise and mingle in a new embrace,  
With blended smile and tear ;  
The mother gazes on the new-found face,  
So like her infant dear.

## 6

“ Child of my child ! I clasp thee to my heart,  
So long with sorrow riven ;  
While life remains we never more shall part,  
Sweet boon from Heaven !

## 7

“ Dark were the paths my feet in anguish trod,  
My soul in bondage bound ;  
But now an offering I bring to God,  
Who sheds his love around.

## 8

“ My heart, my soul I yield to the great Father,  
Who gives my children back,—  
And gathers us in heartfelt love together,  
From many a world-wide track.”

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

HEARD ye the mighty rushing?  
As a storm-waked sea it came ;  
'Twas a nation's deep rejoicing,  
For her proud and spotless name.  
Land of my sleeping fathers !  
O'er thee no chain is flung ;  
Through all thy verdant valleys  
The shout of joy is rung.

Wide o'er thy rolling rivers,  
Thy fair and sunny plains,  
And up thy woody mountains,  
The soul of freedom reigns.  
Land of my sleeping fathers !  
O'er thee no chain is flung ;  
Through all thy verdant valleys  
The shout of joy is rung.

And is there then no shadow  
To dim this hallowed mirth ?  
And shall thy name, my country,  
Be the watchword o'er the earth ?

Are all the captives loosened ?

The fettered *slave* set free ?

Is his crushed spirit gladdened

On this gay jubilee ?

Say to the captive, toiling

In freedom's proud abode,

"Cast off thy fetters, brother,

Take back the GIFT OF GOD."

Let not oppression linger

Where starry banners wave ;

Swell high the shout of freedom,

Let it echo for the SLAVE !

FOR A SIMILAR OCCASION.

Blow, blow, ye chainless breezes,  
 Along the ocean strand;  
 Glide on, ye sparkling rivers,  
 Through Freedom's blessed land.  
 Fall soft and bright, O sunbeams,  
 Where rest the honored dead—  
 Where hallowed dust reposes,  
 Your choicest rays be shed!

Here first the light of Freedom  
 Was poured o'er vale and hill—  
 Here first her songs were echoed,  
 'Mid forests lone and still:  
 Freedom to breathe the spirit  
 Before its Maker's throne—  
 Freedom *His* name to worship,  
*The thrice-told Holy One!*



Peace be on all thy children,  
Land of our joy and rest !  
From thy green shores be banished  
The tyrant's form unblest.  
Arise, O star of morning !\*  
Shine out o'er land and wave ;  
'Mid nature's bitter groaning,  
'Tis thine to heal and save.

---

\* Rev. 22: 16.

## “IS HE A HERO?”

ONE young man of whom a missionary has told us, twice recaptured, and suffering shameful stripes for his heroism, had escaped again; and in a letter which we heard read, tells his friends that he is going back the third time, that he may at last bring away his sister. Is this man a hero or a criminal?—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. II, p. 298.

SPEED, speed thee, lone outcast, thy loved ones to  
gather,

'Neath a roof that is all thine own;  
There is One that is with thee, the Infinite Father,  
His banner be o'er thee thrown.

The moan of the captive be sure that he heareth,  
In his boundless heart of love,  
As at dawning the star of the day appeareth,  
So surely he sees from above.

The tear from the eye of the mourner that streameth,  
The iron that enters the soul;  
Hasting e'en now He the captive redeemeth,  
With blessings his garner is full.

Then speed thee, lone outcast, thy loved ones to  
gather,  
'Neath a roof that is all thine own;  
There is One that is with thee, the Infinite Father,  
His banner be o'er thee thrown!

## THE TWO SABBATHS.

Written in 1852, when the Fourth of July fell on Sunday.

THE Sabbath day ! how softly bright,  
Is shed abroad its sacred light ;  
The green, green earth and broadly arching sky ;  
The presence and the love of the Most High,  
Encircles like the summer air,  
And rests upon the house of prayer.

O hallowed hours ! when nature blends  
Her voice with man's and praise ascends,  
In worship to the everlasting Father,  
Who bids his children in his temple gather ;  
A blessing does this Sabbath bring,  
When hearts are tuned in joy to sing.

Can aught unseemly enter here,  
Breathing a thought of guilt or fear ?  
Alas ! not yet the wo hath passed away !  
The Tempter and the tempted here to-day,  
Hard by the sacred fane abide,  
And words of prayer and praise deride.

O earth! thy page of hidden woes,  
What prophet hand shall dare disclose!  
The swelling anthem on the breezes cast,  
Like a strong angel's voice—how soon it passed;—  
Yet mingling with its dying notes,  
The cry of guilt and sorrow floats.

And still another Sabbath light,  
Commingleing dawns upon our sight;  
BIRTHDAY OF FREEDOM! shall it not be thine,  
Long as of time the ages roll to shine?  
Wide o'er the ocean floats thy star,  
Bearing thy light to realms afar.

Its floods of silvery radiance rush,  
The green fields smile, the prairies flush,  
Mountain and ocean to each other call,  
The ancient wood and bounding water-fall;  
They joy to hail thy tracks of light,  
O form too fair for mortal sight!

Lovely as glance of cherubim,  
What shall thy peerless light bedim?  
Still be it thine fair orb to dwell in light,  
And shed thy kindly radiance on our sight;  
Thou day-star of a realm most blest,  
What blackness gathers on thy crest!

The star had a voice ; it was clear and high,  
And wide through the Heavens it rung ;  
“ Let your anthems of joy ascend to the sky,  
Be your flag to the breezes flung.

But the iron fetter cleaveth fast,  
To the child of bondage yet ;  
But his cry to the spotless throne has passed,  
Nor will God his plea forget.

It is His to unloose the prisoner's band,  
To right him that suffereth wrong ;  
He toucheth the chain with a viewless hand,  
And dissolveth the fetters strong !

Forth from the secret place of thunder,  
He cometh the mighty to rend ;  
The gates of brass he will break asunder,  
But joy to the mourner send !”